

## THE BOURBON NEWS.

[Eighteenth Year—Established 1881.]

Published Every Tuesday and Friday by  
WALTER CLAMP, Editor and Owner.  
BRUCE MILLER, Editor and Owner.

### IF.

If, sitting with his little, worn-out shoe  
And scarlet stockings lying on my knee,  
I knew the little feet had pattered through  
The pearl-set gates that lie 'twixt heaven  
And me,  
I could be reconciled, and happy, too,  
And look with glad eyes toward the  
Jasper sea.

If, in the morning, when the song of birds  
Reminds me of music far more sweet,  
I listen for his pretty broken words  
And for the music of his dimpled feet,  
I could be almost happy, though I heard  
No answer and but saw his vacant seat.

I could be glad if, when the day is done  
And all its cares and heart-aches laid  
Away,  
I could look westward to the hidden sun  
And with a heart full of sweet yearning  
say:

"To-night I'm nearer to my little one  
By just the travel of a single day."

If I could know those little feet were shod  
In sandals wrought of light in better  
lands,  
And that the footprints of a tender God  
Ran side by side with his in golden sands,  
I could bow cheerfully and kiss the road,  
Since Bennie was in wiser, safer hands.

If he were dead I would not sit to-day  
And stain with tears the wee sock on my  
knee;

I would not kiss the tiny shoe and say:  
"Bring back again my little boy to me!"  
I would be patient, knowing 'twas God's  
way.

And that He'd lead me to him o'er death's  
silent sea.

But, oh, to know the feet once pure and  
white  
The haunts of vice have boldly ventured  
in,  
The hands that should have battled for the  
right  
Have been wrong crimson in the clasp of  
sin.

And should he knock at Heaven's gate to-  
night  
I fear my boy could hardly enter in.  
—Oshawna (Ont.) Vindicator.

### Music as a Promoter of Courage.

IT IS James Creelman, the war correspond-  
ent, I believe, who always finds  
himself humming a tune when in the  
thick of battle. He says he went  
through the San Juan fight with  
"Rock of Ages" in his mind and half  
the time on his lips, and that during the  
Greco-Turkish war, several years ago,  
in the height of a fierce conflict, made  
the discovery that he was actually  
humming the "Mendelssohn  
Spring Song," which had been dominant  
in his brain from the first charge.

This is nervousness, I suppose. People  
whose tastes are strongly musical  
invariably have a tune in their minds  
when under strong excitement of any  
kind.

We were talking on this subject not  
long ago, and some one asked Mr. Al-  
fred Robyn if he had ever experienced  
anything similar to Creelman's hum-  
ming the "Spring Song."

"There is one occasion when I did,  
and I shall never forget either the cir-  
cumstance or the tune. It happened  
in my student days, when I used to practice  
almost every evening on one of the  
church organs of town, without any  
pumping, you know—just pedal work,  
that made no noise. One night late in  
the fall I sat on the high organ bench  
working away, with one gas jet flaring  
above my head and not another light  
in the church, which was old and  
gloomy as could be.

"This is a ghost story, by the way;  
you ought to know that before I get  
any farther—a ghost story that has a  
true ending.

"I had come in that evening by way  
of the Sunday school room, which was  
just back of the auditorium and sepa-  
rated from it by a large double door.  
This door, or half of it, I had left open,  
as was my usual custom.

"As I finished a set of exercises I un-  
consciously turned around on my seat,  
half making up my mind to shut the  
organ and go home, as 'twas after nine  
o'clock. Glancing in the direction of  
the double door, I saw that it was  
closed.

"This was a surprise. How came that  
door shut? Was the question that  
flashed through my brain in an instant,  
and then I began casting about for a  
reasonable excuse.

"The drafts? No, there was none, as  
I had closed and locked the outside  
door when entering the church.

"A defective hinge, that would swing  
to? Impossible; for I well remembered  
that this same door would never close  
of itself, having invariably to be opened  
with much exertion, owing to thick-  
ness of the carpet about the door. A  
strong shove was always necessary in  
order to get it open.

"There was but one thing left within  
the bounds of reason, leaving out, of  
course, supernatural means, which I  
scotched at. The door had been closed  
by some person who was then in the  
Sunday school room, and who was evi-  
dently there for no honest purpose.

"Well, the only thing to do was to  
investigate; so, sliding off the bench, I  
left the gas burning and started down  
the aisle toward the door.

"Immediately and unconsciously I  
began to whistle, and what do you sup-  
pose the tune was? That old ballad,  
'When You and I Were Young, Maggie,'  
which I never had any fondness for, and  
so can't imagine how in the world it  
came into my mind. But it certainly  
was there, and I finished two or three  
bars in the liveliest manner before  
reaching the door.

"Before I put my hand on the knob  
I rather braced myself, half expecting  
that there might be opposition on the  
other side. But the door opened as easily  
as it ever did, and I walked into the  
Sunday school room, still whistling my  
tune, and peering about in the dim  
light. I had no matches, so could not  
light the gas jet.

"I stood for a few seconds in the

middle of the room, trying to make out  
objects, of just what sort I was not  
quite certain, but firmly convinced that  
there was some person in the room be-  
side myself. I could not see them, or  
him, I could hear no one breathe; I  
just felt that there was another living  
being in that room and the feeling was  
not one conducive to entire equanim-  
ity on my part, either.

"But I continued to whistle, oh, dear  
yes; and I think I went through that  
silly ballad tune twice while I stood  
and like Micawber waited for some-  
thing to turn up. Nothing turned, and  
my hair finally regained its normal  
position on my head.

"Then, walking boldly through the  
room, I stepped out at the front door,  
unlocked it and down the steps to the  
sidewalk, winding up the chorus of  
'Maggie' with a flourish.

"And then, and then only, did I  
realize that I had been whistling the  
tune at all.

"Walking up the street in the direc-  
tion of my car I thought over the af-  
fair and the more I thought the more  
convinced was I that somebody was  
hidden away in that Sunday-school  
room.

"If it is a tramp and he stays there  
all night and sets the church on fire,  
my conscience will prick me forever  
afterward," was my final conclusion.  
Clearly it was my duty to find the po-  
liceman on this beat and go back to the  
church.

"But, concluding to find a policeman  
and then finding him are two totally dif-  
ferent propositions, as you may have  
heard before. After hunting about ten  
minutes or so—it was raining, too, by  
this time, coming down hard—I gave  
up the struggle, and resolved to go  
back alone.

"If there is no one there, then I'll  
just prove to myself that I've been im-  
aginative and nervous, and that's what  
I'm beginning to think, anyhow." So,  
back I went.

"Unlocking the church door I  
stepped in, and on to the Sunday-  
school room. It was darker than ever,  
I literally could not see a rod ahead of  
me, coming in and out of the  
street light, and, as you know, I had  
not a single match.

"I walked across the room to the  
piano, where I had left a roll of music  
—that was my excuse to myself for  
going back, you know—and as I turned  
to leave by the same route, I made out  
the form of a man leaning against the  
wall with a club raised in his right  
hand. He was about a dozen yards  
ahead of me, on my way to the door.

"And this is the point where I found  
that I could not whistle. I was still  
thinking of 'Maggie,' and my brain  
was forming the tune all right, but, by



I MADE OUT THE FORM OF A MAN.

Joe! I could not whistle that tune to  
save my neck, and you will admit that  
said neck needed saving right at this  
moment.

"Then I began to think how I was  
to get past the fellow—if there really  
was a man over by the wall. You see,  
I was more than half convinced that  
my nerves and imagination were at  
work again. I determined on a detour  
around the other side of the piano,  
and, stepping along briskly, with just  
as unconscious an air as I could muster,  
passed behind the piano, and  
around by the door. The man never  
moved from his position by the wall,  
and I got out safely, with the convic-  
tion that trying to prove a thing to  
one's self isn't always a wise thing  
to do, as I had only succeeded in ren-  
dering my nerves all the more erratic  
by my second visit.

"I reached home and turned in for  
the night.

"Next morning I had hardly finished  
breakfast when the doorbell rang fur-  
iously and the senior warden of the  
church was ushered in.

"Were you at the church last night,  
Robyn?" he said, much excited, and  
without waiting for my answer went  
on to tell me that thieves had broken  
in, stolen the entire new carpet of the  
Sunday school room, the communion  
service, all the cushions they could  
lay their hands on, part of the library  
and, in short, pretty much everything  
of value.

"They were undoubtedly there during  
my stay in the church, and it is  
mighty lucky for me that they didn't  
brain me when I passed the fellow in  
the Sunday school room. But he evi-  
dently felt secure in the fact that I  
could see hardly at all, and had I made  
any motion that would have betrayed  
myself or the fact that I did see him,  
it would have been all up with me.

"But whistling is a great comfort,  
there's no doubt about it. Only you  
want to make sure that your whistle  
will work well at all times."—St. Louis  
Republic.

### A Preventive of Fire.

To prevent fires where flues and  
chimneys pass through inflammable  
partitions water jackets of tin or light  
metal are placed around the openings,  
the solder of the pockets melting in  
the heat and discharging the fluid on  
the fire.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

## VARIETY IN FUR GARMENTS.

The Coming Coats to Be Both Longer  
and Shorter and Capes Elab-  
orately Trimmed.

Fashion in fur garments has cer-  
tainly achieved success in the way of  
variety quite as effectually as in the  
various other departments of dress,  
for there are all sorts and conditions  
of wraps, all fur or fur trimmed, be-  
tween a small shoulder cape and a  
long ulster. Sable, seal, Persian lamb,  
mink and chinchilla have the lead in  
kinds of fur, with the usual cheaper  
grades and various imitations follow-  
ing in their train. Both blue and sil-  
ver fox are in use for coats and trim-  
mings, and there are many combina-  
tions of fur approved of fashion, which  
are very useful in making over old gar-  
ments.

Sealskin coats have revers, collar  
and cuffs of sable, chinchilla or caracul,  
as you fancy, and seal capes are  
adorned with single or double frills of  
sable or caracul around the bottom,  
and also with frilled revers and a high  
collar. Mink capes have frills and a  
high collar of sealskin, or of the same  
fur with the dark stripe running  
lengthwise. Chinchilla revers and collar  
are sure to give an elegant effect to  
a Persian lamb coat despite the fact  
that chinchilla is said not to be quite  
so fashionable as it was last season.  
It is quite as expensive, however, but  
very good imitations of it are sold in  
narrow bands for trimming.

One of the new coat models for seal-  
skin or Persian lamb is cut away in  
front, double-breasted and worn with a  
jeweled belt. Both longer and shorter  
coats will be worn, and other mod-  
els have a decided rest, the coat falling  
straight down on either side. Ermine  
is used for linings principally, where it  
forms revers and lining for a mink  
cape. A lace jobot is the finish, as it  
is on so many of the fur garments.

The capes of any size either round  
up in front or point down back and  
front shawl shape. One of the elegant  
novelties is a black velvet cape trim-  
med with transparent rows of lace  
insertion studded with steel. It is  
lined with white satin, and a deep  
flood of mink finishes the bottom. A  
long cream lace scarf tied at the neck  
completes this dressy affair. Another  
very natty little garment is the short  
cape and muff to match, of natural  
baby lamb with a flossie and collar lin-  
ing of chinchilla. The natural baby  
lamb resembles gray moire quite as  
much as anything else, and the two  
grays are very pretty together. Per-  
sian lamb and Alaska sable are com-  
bined very effectively in some of the  
small capes, with many tails used for  
trimming. There are round, plain  
muffs, frilled muffs with velvet bows  
and lace frills at either end, and muffs  
with the animal's head and many tails  
for the finish.—N. Y. Sun.

## MONEY IN ORANGES.

The Trick of an Impudent Trick-  
ster That Fell Upon  
Himself.

"A number of years ago I made a  
trip through the west," said the  
sleight-of-hand performer. "It was  
not what you might call a startling  
financial success, but I managed to  
reach southern California before I  
was stranded.

"It was there that I suddenly awoke  
to the fact that a five-dollar gold piece  
was my entire capital, with the next  
town a good many miles ahead of me.

"There was but one thing to do, and  
that was to walk, as I knew the little  
money I had would be needed when I  
arrived for necessary expenses, and I  
couldn't afford to waste it on car  
fare.

"It wasn't as bad a proposition as  
it had looked on the face, the roads  
were in good shape, and the air cool  
and crisp, and it was in the midst of  
the orange-picking season.

"If the town ahead hadn't been so  
far I might have enjoyed the tramp,  
but as it was, I found myself growing  
tired, and I stopped for a rest where  
an old man was engaged in picking  
his orange crop.

"He was a sociable old chap, and  
evidently thought I was looking  
around for an orange orchard, and I  
didn't attempt to undeceive him, for I  
found his oranges delicious, and as  
it was growing near meal time I had  
high hopes that he might ask me to  
dine with him. He kept remarking that  
there was money in oranges, and I  
finally concluded to have a little sport  
with him.

"Palming my sole remaining gold  
piece I reached for an orange and  
slowly cut it in halves with my knife.  
With an exclamation of surprise I pre-  
tended to pull the coin from the  
orange, while the old man's eyes fair-  
ly hung out of his head as I did so.

"He reached for the coin, bit it, rang  
it, and then dropped the coin in his  
pocket, saying as he did so:

"'Wul, by gum! I always said that  
thar wuz money in oranges, an' now  
I kin prove it.'

"I gave a gasp when I saw my last  
cent go into the old man's pocket,  
and I tried to explain the situation to  
him, saying it was only a joke.

"But the old man wouldn't have it  
that way. He said he saw me take the  
coin from the orange, that the orange  
belonged to him, hence anything that  
may be found in it was his, too.

"He was a bigger man than I, and  
so he wouldn't listen to reason, and I  
had to pace sadly on.

"I hired out at the next ranch to  
pick fruit until I could get money  
enough to pay my fare home."—De-  
troit Free Press.

### Easier.

"Don't you want to leave footprints  
on the sands of time?" asked the men-  
tor. "No," answered the young man,  
who is ambitious but lazy. "I'd rather  
leave carriage ruts."—Washington  
Star.

## THREE GOLFERS THEORIZING.

They Are Puzzled Over a Strange Im-  
plement Seen Over a Golf Bag  
on a Transatlantic Pier.

He had just landed from the trans-  
atlantic liner, and was waiting with  
that patient hopelessness so character-  
istic of the experienced traveler for the  
custom house men to inspect his  
baggage. Behind his trunk a golf bag  
stood upright, and above the top of it  
projected a strange-looking imple-  
ment. It looked like a double-headed  
hammer flattened out into a blade at  
either end. Several men in golf  
clothes were examining it with criti-  
cal but puzzled expressions. Its owner  
paid no attention, but gazed stolidly  
into space.

"But I can't make it out in the  
least," said one of the gazers present-  
ly, with a pronounced British ac-  
cent.

"No more can I," agreed another,  
who wore red plaid stockings. "If it  
were one-ended, now. But to have a  
striking edge on both sides! Very ex-  
traordinary!"

"Very," said a third man. "Looks  
heavy, too. Daresay it's one of those  
new niblicks."

"Might be a water club," suggested  
the first speaker. "I've heard that a  
St. Andrew's player was at work on a  
club to play out of still water."

"No; I believe it's for playing out  
of thick scrub," said he of the red  
stockings. "That sharp edge would  
cut anything down."

"But why is it double edged?" asked  
the third man.

"To flay right or left handed," said  
the first.

"Don't believe it," said the other,  
stoutly. "I'll ask the man. I say,  
sir."

The owner of the instrument under  
discussion thus addressed raised him-  
self and looked around.

"That club of yours—what do you  
use it for, if I may ask?"

"What club? I have no club," said  
the man, looking puzzled.

"Why, yes; this." He of the red  
stockings pointed to the implement.

"How do you use it?"

"Oh, that? Why, just chop with it."

"Told you it was a niblick," said the  
third man.

"Told you it was a water club," said  
the first.

"Just as I said; a club for getting  
out of scrub," said the red-stockinged  
one. "Very nice club. I shall get  
one."

"I wouldn't call it a club," said the  
owner; "and I certainly wouldn't use  
it as you gentlemen suggest."

"Then how do you use it?" The  
question was a trite one.

"Why, on timber."

"Timber!" The three pondered.

"Certainly; that's what it's for."

"When you're in a hollow stump,  
perhaps," suggested the first speaker.

"I see."

"I never was in a hollow stump,"  
said the owner of the implement, look-  
ing somewhat surprised and amused.

"I'm not a ragoon."

"Of course, if you wish to be mys-  
terious about it," said the man with  
the red stockings, getting as red as  
to his face also, "we regret to have  
troubled you. But I must say that  
it's quite contrary to the sportsman-  
ship that every devotee of golf should  
show."

"But this has nothing to do with  
golf," said the man, as light began to  
dawn upon him; "nothing whatever."

"Then why do you carry it in a golf  
bag?"

The man reached out and lifted the  
strange implement from behind the  
golf bag, which somebody had leaned  
against it.

"It's an adze," he said, quietly; "a  
new kind that I'm taking back to ex-  
periment with on my timber lands.  
If you'll come out to Minnesota I've  
got some very interesting axes that  
might give you grounds for specula-  
tion."

But the three golfers had melted si-  
lently away, and the owner of the  
adze resumed his waiting to find out  
how much duty he would have to pay  
on the implement.—N. Y. Sun.

## KITCHEN HINTS.

Some Small Items of Information  
That May Be Useful to the  
Housewife.

Sharpen all kinds of fish sauce with  
lemon juice.

A dash of black pepper greatly im-  
proves vanilla ice cream.

When using vanilla for flavoring add  
half a teaspoonful of peach extract.

Put sugar in water used for basting  
meats of all kinds; it adds flavor, espe-  
cially to veal.

Add a cup of good date vinegar to  
the water in which you boil fish, espe-  
cially if it is salt fish.

When baking fish place on the top  
thin slices of salt pork; it tastes the  
fish and improves the flavor.

To give an appetizing flavor to a  
broiled beefsteak rub a cut onion over  
the hot platter with the butter.

Three tablespoons of freshly-made  
tea, with a pinch of nutmeg, imparts  
an indescribable flavor to apple pie.

Chocolate is greatly improved by  
adding a teaspoonful of strong coffee  
just before serving; a teaspoonful of  
sherry also helps.

To improve sweetbreads and give  
them a fine flavor soak them in mild  
lemon juice water an hour, and then  
broil 20 minutes in beef stock.—Chica-  
go Evening News.

## Mushrooms Baked.

Cut off a part of the stalks of 12 me-  
dium-sized mushrooms; peel the tops  
and wipe the mushrooms carefully and  
dry with a small piece of flannel and  
a little salt. Put them into a baking dish,  
with a little salted butter poured over  
each one; season with a sprinkle of  
white pepper, and bake 20 minutes.  
Serve on a hot dish with the sauce  
poured over.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

## A WOMAN HORSE BREAKER.

She Meets Success by Never Show-  
ing the Slightest Fear of  
Her Mount.

It is universally agreed that even a  
homely woman who has mastered the  
art of equestrianism looks well when  
in the saddle. When the rider is pretty  
and sits on her horse with ease and  
grace of course the beauty of the pic-  
ture is much enhanced. Hence it is  
that Mrs. Annie Benson, wife of a pros-  
perous farmer living near Fowles-  
burg, Md., is regarded by all who know  
her to be an exceedingly pretty sight  
when seated on her favorite thorough-  
bred mare. Mrs. Benson is a slender,  
blue-eyed country woman of well-  
rounded figure and has been riding  
horses almost ever since she can re-  
member anything. She began riding  
when she was five years old, and her  
father used to put her on the back of  
a great animal while he guided the  
paw behind. She has broken colts,  
been kicked and bitten by horses,  
thrown out of buggies and had divers  
other experiences of the kind, but has  
never been thrown from the back of a  
horse. Mrs. Benson says, in discussing  
the difficulties which confront girls  
just beginning to ride:

"The entire secret of being a good  
rider, I think, lies in not being afraid  
of your horse. This is the one great es-  
sential, but there are some other  
things just as necessary to know.  
When a girl gets on a horse if she is in  
the least bit frightened the horse  
knows it, and that knowledge has a de-  
moralizing effect upon it, especially  
if it happens to be a thinking horse. I  
used to wear a very long skirt until  
one day a horse I was riding caught  
its hind foot in the skirt and tore it off  
me. Since then I have ridden with a  
short walking length and find it much  
better. I do not think it would help a  
girl much to ride astride like a man in  
managing her horse. I have ridden that  
way, but I felt that if the horse started  
to run I could not stop him at all.

"I am breaking two colts now that  
will make beauties. One was two years  
old on May 29 and the other a few  
months older. My method of training  
is hard to describe. I simply put the  
bridle and saddle on them and then  
get on myself. When I am once in the  
saddle I know they can't get me out.  
I ride one of them every day, some-  
times six or seven miles. Of course  
they are so young that I make them  
travel very slowly and never allow  
them to run for fear of weakening  
their backs. It is not customary to  
break a colt before he is three years  
old, but these were such big fellows  
that I thought they could stand it."—  
Chicago Chronicle.

## AS TO STRIKING MATCHES.

Unightly Streaks That Show Where  
Lights Were Produced Are to Be  
Found Everywhere.

"I may be wrong," said the little  
woman in the cross seat of the car,  
"but I fully believe that a man would  
strike a match on the tombstone of his  
mother," and her eyes snapped and  
her cheeks flushed at the idea of such  
a sacrilege.

Go where one will, into the most out-  
of-the-way place or corner to ignite  
a match, telltale streaks will be found  
as positive proof that a match striker  
has been there before. Raise the drap-  
ery about a mantel and peer under-  
neath and there again will come in  
view the cabalistic brown tracks, the  
"blazed" way, as it were, of the match-  
striking guild.

On every side of lampposts, fire plugs  
and bulk window frames are to be  
found the trail of the successor of the  
tinder box and steel. Letter boxes,  
street corners, every pillar in the el-  
evated structure, door jambs, buttons  
of chairs and edges of bureaus, wash-  
stands and dressing cases possess the  
hieroglyphic or pyro-glyphics.

Even church edifices are not sacred  
when the hurry call is issued for a  
light. Even altar rails have been vis-  
ited by the same touch. In fact, there  
is no place too sacred or too much out  
of the way not to have, at one time or  
the other, received the necessary fric-  
tion required to secure a light. When  
Cleopatra's Needle was placed in Cen-  
tral park the apex bore traces, among  
the almost obliterated hieroglyphics,  
of the passing of the match. It is said  
that the same modern signs can be  
found upon the topknop of the Sphinx  
and upon the top of the Pyramids.

Armed with a match and a slight  
blaze being a necessity, the holder will  
make for the nearest spot to obtain  
the necessary friction. Upon the  
variety stage, even, the production of  
flame from the sulphur-tipped silver  
of wood is utilized by queerly "made  
up" mummies to win the laugh of the  
man who has paid to see. A made-up  
bald head is an attractive spot, and  
furnishes the desired place for coaxing  
the flame and bringing a laugh from  
the theater patrons. It always suc-  
ceeds, and would have been a star per-  
formance coeval with Joe Miller's joke  
book had matches been in existence at  
that time.—N. Y. Sun.

## Music in the Air.

A curious custom is in vogue among  
the wealthy mandarins of Peking.  
Upon their country seats in the neigh-  
borhood of the capital they keep large  
flocks of pigeons. Whenever these  
flocks are allowed to fly those near  
can hear wonderful, sweet music, simi-  
lar to harmonies of Aeolian harps.  
These sounds are brought about by  
means of strings which the Chinese  
fasten to the strongest feathers under  
the wings in such a way as not to in-  
terfere with the flying bird.—N. Y.  
Sun.

## An